

MISCELLANY

ON

TASTE

By Mr. POPE, &c.

I. OF TASTE in ARCHITECTURE

Epistle to the Earl of Burlington

NOTES Variorum, and a Compleat KEY.

II. OF Mr. POPE'S TASTE in DIVINITY

The FALL of MAN, and the First Psalm

Translated for the Use of a YOUNG LADY

III. OF Mr. POPE'S TASTE of SHAKESPEARE

IV. — His SATIRE on Mrs. P — y.

V. Mr. CONGREVE'S fine EPISTLE on

RETIREMENT and TASTE. Address'd to

Lord Cobham.

No Author ever spar'd a Brother,

Wits are Game-Cocks to one another.

GAY's Fab. the 8th.

L O N D O N :

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CLAVIS.

Topbam,

Richard Topbam, of Old Windsor, Esq;
late Keeper of the Records in the
Tower.

Fountaine,

Sir Andrew Fountaine, to whom the
late Dean *Hicks* dedicated his most
learned Work, intitled, *Lingua-*
rum Septentrionalium thesaurus, two
Toms Folio.

Curia,

Dr. A ——— n.

Hearne,

That ingenious and learned Antiquary
Mr. Thomas Hearne of Edmund-Hall,
Oxon.

Mead,

The learned Richard Mead, M. D.

Sloan,

Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

Virro,

Mr. S ——— n of Hertfordshire.

Sir Shylock,

Sir R ——— W ———

S ——— d,

One Stafford, a Carpenter.

Babo,

Lord C ——— d ——— n.

Villario,

Lord C ——— lo ——— n.

Sabinus,

The Son of Virro.

Bridgman,

A Gardener of that Name.

Timon,

Duke of C ———

Timon,

Duke of C ———

OF TASTE: Or,

(As it is altered in the SECOND EDITION)

* OF FALSE TASTE.

A N

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON.

TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy:

REMARKS.

* *Of Taste,*] Some of our little Second-Hand Smatterers in Criticism, will be apt to imagine our Author ought to have wrote *On Taste*, rather than *Of Taste*, as if *Of* and *On* had two different Significations. But Mr. Pope has declar'd himself in favour of *Of*, and thereby clapt a Gag into the Mouths of all Gainfayers. His *hoc vola, sic jubeo* is sufficient to make any Expression, pass for Standard, and *set pro Ratione Voluntas*.

* *'Tis strange, &c.*] This is a vast deal too strange to be true; and the Misfortune is, every common Observer knows it to be quite otherwise. The Miser's Enjoyment consists in hoarding up his Wealth, and feasting his Eyes with the Sight thereof. Our old Friend *Horace* has assured us of this, almost Two Thousand Years ago; for he introduces a Man of this Character, saying,

Populus me sibilat, at mibi plaudo

Ipsæ domi, simul ac Nummos contempler in Arca.

B

a Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste

His Wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?

b Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;

c Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats :

d He buys for *e* *Topham* Drawings and Designs,

For *Fountain* Statues, and for *Curio* Coins,

Rare

REMARKS.

a *It is less strange, &c.*] This Assertion is equally weak, and inconclusive. The Prodigal, like every Body else, lays out his Money in something, which he chuses rather than the Money he parts with. And tho' perhaps, his Taste in Painting, Architecture, &c. may not be altogether so exquisite as Mr. Pope's in Philosophy or Poetry, yet still he certainly tastes the Purchase he makes, better than the Purchase Money ; for otherwise, he deserves to be begg'd for a Fool for parting with it.

b *Not for himself, he sees, or hears, or eats.*] If this Sentence has any Meaning at all, it must certainly be, either that he sees, or hears, or eats for somebody else ; or that somebody else sees, or hears, or eats for him. As for any Body's seeing, or hearing for me, I might not perhaps scruple it much ; but for any Body's eating for me, I should humbly beg he would not insist upon it ; my Stomach would never consent to it.

c *Artists must chuse, &c.*] I cannot forbear owning our Author perfectly in the right here, in allowing the Prodigal, Artists to chuse for him, when he is Incapable of chusing for himself ; for who, in his Wits, would not rather employ real Artists, in any Affair, than a Parcel of Blunderers and Blockheads ?

d *He buys.*] He buys ! Who buys ? Not the *Miser*, I hope, his Money is too fast dockt up in his Chest, ever to be let loose on any such Occasions. Nor the *Prodigal* ! for he is forc'd to make use of other People's Eyes and Ears to supply some certain Deficiencies in his own. Who can it be then ? Why, it must certainly be the Artists, mentioned in the preceding Line : But if so, why false Grammar ? And why would not *They buy*, have done full as well as *He buys* ? This I shall leave to be corrected in his next Edition.

e *For Topham, Fountain, and Curio*] What strange Gentlemen

a Rare Monkish Manuscripts for *Hearne* alone,

b And Books for *Mead*, c and Rarities for *Sloan*

Think

men must these be, who cannot go to Market, and buy these Things themselves, rather than employ others, as their Factors, and be forc'd to allow Brokerage. But the World needs not be inform'd, at this Time of Day, that few of These are the Produce of this Island; How famous soever we may be for modern Improvements in Mechanicks, Mathematicks, &c. we certainly were never very famous for Antiquities, Drawings and Coins. *Greece* and *Italy* are well known to be the grand Magazines for all these; and whoever has not his present Residence in these Parts, must, of Necessity, purchase the Produce of them from Second or Third Hands.

REMARKS.

a *Rare Monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone*,] Poor *Tom Hearne*! I dare swear, so polite a Genius as Mr. *Pope* never once strained his Optick Nerves with poring over one of thy Monkish Manuscripts. *Robert of Gloucester*, and *Jeffrey of Monmouth* are quite out of his Way; and he knows no more of *Florence of Worcester*, nor the *Textus Rossensis*, than a *Dancing Master* does of *Algebra*, or a *Lawyer's Clerk* of *Divinity*. — But to the Matter in Hand. — I cannot imagine Mr. *Hearne* oblig'd to trot round the Kingdom in quest of Manuscripts, where-ever an old Abbey may have stood; or to travel into foreign Countries wherever such Books may have been dispers'd at the Reformation. 'Tis enough if he knows the Value of them when they are brought to him, and how to oblige the World with them afterwards, at a proper Opportunity.

b *And Books for Mead*,] This worthy Gentleman has a vast and valuable Library, stor'd with all Sorts of Books Foreign and Domestic; and he is not only a Person of extraordinary Learning himself, but one of the greatest Patrons and Encouragers of it, in this Kingdom. However, it is not impossible but he may have bought Books from Second and Third Hands, and he may very likely have some, among so prodigious a Collection, which he has hardly deign'd a reading. But I hope Mr. *Pope's* Works are none of that Number, tho' he may well save himself the Trouble even of looking into them; for whether Mr. *Pope* knows it or no, he can read *Homer* and *Statius*, nay, and *Chaucer* and *Shakespear*, in their

Think we all these are for himself? no more

* Than his fine Wife (my Lord) or finer Whore.

* For their Originals, without Recourse either to a rhiming Translator, or a Modernizer to point him out their Meaning. — But Mead is not only famous for Books, but for several choice Curiosities, among which is his celebrated Head of *Homer*, for a Copy of which, if I mistake not, Mr. *Pope* has been oblig'd to him, to grace his *Odyssey*. — And the World tells strange Stories, if Mr. *Pope* be not oblig'd for the best Part of his own Head to some Body else, who may, not unlikely, meet the same Treatment in his next Performance, as these have done in This.

REMARKS.

[*And Rarities for Sloan.*] Whether Dr. *Sloan* has a full Knowledge of the true Value of every individual Rarity in so extraordinary a Collection, is what neither Mr. *Pope* nor I can tell. — But to alledge that he employs others to chuse for him, is as much as to say, that he is unable to chuse for himself; or in other Words, that he has not Judgment enough to distinguish a Crocodile from a Rattle Snake. Sir *Hans* has purchased Rarities from all known Parts of the Globe. — But must he travel to all these Parts himself to pick them up? An Age would not bring that about: And between Mr. *Pope* and I, he has much better Business at Home, where he has Wealth enough to purchase whatever valuable Thing is offer'd him; and has, at this Time the richest private Collection in *Europe*, or perhaps in the *Universe*.

* Than his fine Wife (my Lord) or finer Whore.] What a spiteful Insinuation is here, against the poor Artists, that they keep their Whores finer than their Wives. I am sorry to hear our Author is a Batchelor, or we should see how he would manage in that important Affair of Life. He is certainly an Artist, for all the World owns him a Rhimer; and some perhaps may look upon him as a Reasoner. — But these two Faculties do not always go together; and if they did, — He is not indispensably oblig'd to reason his best on every little Occasion. Rhime may sometimes do the Business full as well without it.

a For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted:
Only to shew how many Tastes he wanted.

What brought Sir *Shylock*'s ill-got Wealth to waste?

b Some Dæmon whisper'd, "*Knights* should have
a Taste."

c Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod, but S——d with a Rule.

See sportive Fate, to punish awkward Pride,

Bids *Babo* build, and sends him such a Guide :

A

REMARKS.

a For what has *Virro* painted, built, and planted? &c.] What pity it is that *Virro* did not consult our Author, before he went to work? Had he done that, I dare vouch, all would have been well, tho' every Thing appear'd just as it does. But for want of this *Unum Necessarium*, for want of consulting this universal Genius, his Paintings are monstrous, his Buildings barbarous, his Planting ridiculous, and he has no Taste, or what's worse, an ill one.

b Some Dæmon whisper'd, "*Knights* should have a Taste."] Mr. Pope has not half the Modesty of this good natur'd Dæmon, who only whisper'd a Secret softly into one Knight's Ear, — He has proclaim'd it to the World. How does he know, now, but *Squires* and private *Gentlemen* may put in for their respective Shares; If so, what an Inundation of Taste will then break in upon us! The Nation will be over run with it, and the Government oblig'd at last to put a Stop to it, as a growing Evil.

c Heaven visits with a Taste the Wealthy Fool,] Our Author, I think, is generally suppos'd to be pretty rich; and most People allow him to have a Taste, at least of something. — Now as Heaven has visited him with a Taste, how ought he to bless himself that he is no Fool; for if he had, he might have had no more Wit than to have fallen to Building, or something as bad, and thereby wasted his Wealth as simply as some other People.

(5)
A standing Sermon! at each Year's Expence,

• That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence.

• Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer,

A certain Truth which many buy too dear:

Something there is more needful than Expence;

And something previous ev'n to Taste — 'Tis *Sense*;

• Good Sense, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,

And tho' no Silence, fairly worth the Seven.

A

REMARKS.

[*That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence.*] When Coxcombs of Quality will employ Fools of Architects, they can never reasonably expect to reach Magnificence; should they lay out their whole Estates: And indeed the Case would be much the same should they take it into their Heads to turn Architects themselves, with a Design to save Charges.

[*Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer, &c.*] How much had the World been obliged to this noble Lord, if he had once generously published that grand Secret to the World, which he so oft hinted to his Brother Peer in private Conversation. But if he had, others would have been presented with that Expence, which they have since purchased at so dear a Rate; and this Lord's Buildings would never have been found *Non-pareils*, had not some hundreds fallen short of them, out of an Ambition of excelling them.

[*Good Sense which only is the Gift of Heaven, &c.*] This is a much greater Compliment to good Sense, than ever one would have expected from Mr. Pope: But the Truth is, he has a Mind to set Sense and the Sciences at Variance, by shewing that they have not the least Affinity with each other; and insinuating, that 'tis no great Difficulty for a Man to become an Adept in any of the Seven Sciences, tho' he was a Changeling himself, and his whole Family had been Fools for fifteen Generations.

A Light; which in yourself you must perceive;

* Jones and † Le Notre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,

To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,

To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grót;

In all, let Nature never be forgot.

Consult the *Genius* of the *Place* in all,

That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall,

Or helps th' ambitious Hill the Heav'ns to scale,

Or scoops in circling Theatres the Vale,

Calls in the Country, catches opening Glades,

Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades,

Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;

Paints as you plant, and as you work, *Designs*.

•Begin with *Sense*, of ev'ry Art the Soul,

Parts answ'ring Parts, shall slide into a Whole,

Spontaneous

Mr. Pope's Note.

Enigo Jones.

† The famous Artist who design'd the Gardens in France, and plann'd Greenwich and St. James's Parks, &c.

REMARKS.

•Begin with *Sense*, &c. [This is somewhat odd that Mr. Pope should be capable of giving so good Advice to others, and mind

Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
 Start, ev'n from *Difficulty*, strike, from *Chance*;
Nature shall join you; *Time* shall make it grow
 A Work to wonder at ——— perhaps a * *Srow*.

Without it, proud *Versailles*! thy Glory falls,
 And *Nero's* Terrasses desert their Walls;
 The vast *Parterres* a thousand Hands shall make,
 Lo! *Bridgman* comes, and floats them with a *Lake*:
 Or cut wide *Views* thro' Mountains to the Plain,
 You'll wish your Hill, and shelter'd Seat, again.

Behold
 it so little himself. ——— What a woeful Beginning did he make,
 and how miserably did he blunder between his Miser and Prodi-
 gal! ——— But enough of that: ——— I am surpriz'd to find Sense
 Jeremy'd the Soul of every Art or Science, when there was a
 strong Insinuation not much above a dozen Lines before, that they
 had very little Business together; or, in other Words, that Sense
 might, without any Detriment to the Sciences, be divorc'd from
 them, and put to a separate Maintenance.

Mr. Pope's Note:
 * The Seat and Gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buck-
 inghamshire.

REMARKS.

[*Wide Views thro' Mountains*] If Ten Thousand Hands
 were employed in any Work without some good Head to direct
 them, it is no Wonder if they make mad or foolish Work on't:
 But now a Mountain in one Line should dwindle to a Hill in
 the next, without any visible Means, surpasses my Comprehension,
 unless it be merely to answer the Measure of the Verse.

[*You'll wish your Hill, and shelter'd Seat, again.*] Then he
 may

Behold *Villario's* ten-years Toil compleat,
 His *Quincunx* darkens, his *Espaliers* meet,
 • The Wood supports the Plain ; the Parts unite,
 And strength of Shade contends with strength of
 Light ;
 His bloomy Beds a waving Glow display,
 Blushing in bright Diversities of Day,
 • With silver-quiv'ring Rills meander'd o'er —
 — Enjoy them, you ! *Villario* can no more ;
 One Tir'd

may have it. He had a Mountain to remove, in the former Line ; and, without doubt, he was at the Charge of doing it. Now he he has only a Hill to bring back, and all is right again, and his House in *statu quo*. And sure less Charge will bring a Hill Home again, than would carry a Mountain Abroad.

REMARKS.

[*The Wood supports the Plain ;*] I have heard of a Plain supporting a Wood a thousand Times, because the Plain was below, and the Wood above. — But how Mr. *Pope's* Wood comes to support his Plain, I own myself unable to determine, unless His was a subterraneous Wood, which supported the Plain above, as a convenient Number of Columns do a Stately Cupola.

[*His bloomy Beds, &c. with Silver quiv'ring Rills meander'd o'er.*] This is the most mysterious Passage I have lately met with. How, in the Name of Goodness, can Silver quiv'ring Rills meander Beds o'er. Had it been meander them thro', that is, divide them with a winding Stream, it had been Sense ; but

'Tis of the Scenic Parterres and Fountains yield,
 • He finds at last he better likes a Field.
 Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd *Sabinus*
 To stray'd,
 Or fate delighted in the thick'ning Shade,
 With annual Joy the red'ning Shoots to greet,
 And see the stretching Branches long to meet!
 • His Son's fine Taste an op'ner *Vista* loves,
 Foe to the *Dryads* of his Father's Groves;

But

One

then the next Rhime must have suffered. — But now I recollect, these superterraneous Rills were, perhaps, designed for his subterraneous Wood; and as such, I shall leave them to perform their Office.

REMARKS.

• *He finds at last he better likes a Field.*] That is, he finds at last, he likes a Field better. Where is the Poetry here? Where, the Majesty of Thought, The Sublimity of Diction? — But to pass these by, and proceed to the Sentiment. I can see no Manner of Wonder, why a Gentleman, in his declining Years should be tired with the Diversions of his Youth, when we find it common for most of us to dislike those Things to Day which we doted on but Yesterday.

• *His Son's fine Taste an op'ner Vista loves, &c.*] The Father was of the same Opinion before he died, (if we may suppose *Villar's* and *Sabinus* Relations, and believe what has been advanced half a Dozen Lines before.) But how comes his Son to have a Taste so much finer than his Father? The Father planted noble Gardens in his Youth, and delighted to walk in the Fields in his

old

One boundless Green or flourish'd Carpet Views,
 With all the mournful Family of *Wreaths*;
 The thriving Plants ignoble Broomsticks made
 Now sweep those Allies they were born to shade.
 * Yet hence the *Poor* are cloth'd, the *Hungry* fed;
Health to himself, and to his Infants *Bread*
 The Lab'rer bears; what thy hard Heart denies,
 Thy charitable Vanity supplies:

* Another Age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown thy Slope, and nod on thy Parterre,
 Deep

old Age. However he had his Choice, and might have taken a Turn in his Gardens whenever he had thought fit. — The Son, to shew a Specimen of his superior Taste, makes quick Work, grubs up his Father's Woods, and converts his thriving Plants to Broomsticks.

REMARKS.

* Yet hence the *Poor* are cloth'd, &c.] This would certainly be a fine Reflection, were it not design'd for the sake of a Stroke of Satyr in the next Stanza. *Villario* is here brought upon the Stage again, and accus'd for what every wise and good Man ought to applaud him; namely, for setting the *Poor* to Work, and rather chusing to have his Money circulate thro' the Neighbourhood, than suffer it to lye pil'd up in his Chests, and see his *Poor* Dependants starve for want of Employment.

* Another Age shall see, &c.] This is no more than what has ever been common to all Nations in all the later Ages of the World. The Stately Palaces of the *Egyptian* and *Persian* Monarchs lye now buried under huge Heaps of Dust and Rubbish. All

Deep Harvests bury all thy Pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the Land!

At *Timon's Villa* let us pass a Day,

"Where all cry out, "What Sums are thrown
away!"

So proud, so grand, of that stupendous Air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.

Great-

the pleasant Gardens of Ancient *Rome* are long since turn'd to a Wilderness: Nay, the very situation of several of the most renowned Cities in the World are now become so obscure, that Travellers into those Parts, cannot agree where they have formerly stood. — In one Word, the whole of the Story rests here. *Villario* pleas'd himself with Planting and Gardening, and by that Means kept his poor Neighbourhood from Want. A descendant of his, of a different Taste (or, if Mr. *Pope* pleases, of a finer Taste) may possibly, some Ages hence, cut down his shady Woods, plow up his fine Walks, and turn the whole to Corn-Ground again. This will also be Employment and Bread for the Neighbourhood, whenever it happens. — And whether Mr. *Pope* be sensible of it, or no, Satyr rebounds back upon the Author, whenever it is pointed at a wrong Object.

REMARKS.

"Where all cry out, what Sums are thrown away! &c." 'Tis somewhat strange that all should conspire, with one Voice, to blame *Timon's* profuseness in Building; and what is stranger still, how it came to our Author's Knowledge. But perhaps this is only his private Opinion, which he has a mind to father upon the Publick. — Be that as it will, any other Extravagance would have produced as ill an Effect, and several, much worse. — But *Timon* has thrown away vast Sums in Building. — The Publick certainly

Greatness, with *Tithon*, dwells in such a Draught
 As brings all *Brobdignag* before your Thought
 To compass this, his Building is a Town,
 His Pond an Ocean, his Partence a Down;
 * Who but must laugh the Master when he sees?
 † A puny Insect, shiv'ring at a Breeze!

certainly gathered up as much as he threw away, and this was no more than changing Hands. The whole was undoubtedly given to Stone-Cutters, Carvers, Statuaries, Bricklayers, Carpenters, Joiners, Labourers, &c. All the Materials too were undoubtedly the Produce of our own Island, except a little foreign Marble, and some other Trifles of small Importance. So that such a private Expence is so far from being a Publick Loss, that the Nation would not be one Farthing the poorer, if fifty such Fabricks were erected every ten or a dozen years.

REMARKS.

Who but must laugh the Master] Who but must laugh at our Poet for writing such barbarous English? I am really surpriz'd to think how he suffered such an Impropriety to escape him. The Truth is, *laugh at the Master* would have stretch'd the Verse a Syllable beyond its ordinary Length, for which Reason He, having more Regard to Sound than Sense, chose to omit the Particles.

A puny Insect, shiv'ring at a Breeze? † The puny Insect in this Page, is declared a Lord in the next; and it is undeniable that there may be little Lords as well as great ones. — Every one who has the Honour to be acquainted with Mr. Pope, owns him to be a fine, tall, proper, well-shap'd agreeable, jolly Gentleman, with a Constitution strong enough to enable him to defy Winds and Weather: But how he happens, here, to reflect upon a little Lord, meerly for shrinking at a fit of Cold Weather, is what I cannot well reconcile, either to good Sense, or good Manners. However, if our Author has here, confin'd himself to one Day, as he assures us, it seems a little extraordinary, methinks, that my
 Lord

Lo! what huge Heaps of Littleness around
 The Whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground!
 Two *Cupids* Squirr before : A Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern Wind.
 His *Gardens* next your Admiration call,
 On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!

No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
 No artful Wildeness to perplex the Scene:
 Grove

Lord should be taken with a shivering Fit when several of his
 Visitors were sweating upon a Hot Terras. But if he takes in
 the Compass of several Months, 'tis not unlikely but the whole
 Company might shiver and sweat at different Times of the
 Year and by that Means keep his Lordship in Countenance.
 REMARKS.

A Lake behind improves the keenness of the Northern Wind.
 'Tis not improbable that the Lake mentioned here, may be the
 same with the Pond or Ocean in the preceeding Page, if so, it
 is no great Wonder it should chill the Part of the House adja-
 cent to it, which our Author has assured us was the North Side.
 And if the Lake lay on the North Side of the House, then the
 House most certainly stood on the South Side of the Lake.
 On every Side you look, behold the Wall! If a Person could be-
 hold my Lord's Garden Wall on every Side, from any particular
 Station within, 'tis strange how it was capable of containing that
 Down of a Parterre and that Ocean of a Pond: or how that *Broh-
 dignagian* Palace, or Town of a House (mentioned about half a
 Score Lines ago) could lye adjacent to it.

• Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a Brother,
 And half the Platform just reflects the other.
 • The suffering Eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
 And there a Summer-house, that knows no Shade.
 Here *Amphitrite* sails thro' Myrtle bow'rs;
 Then † *Gladiators* fight or die, in flow'rs;
 Un-

REMARKS.

H
 • *Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a Brother, &c.*] This is the very first Time I ever heard either a House or Gardens condemned for Regularity. Groves, Allies, &c. are, or may be all, in their proper Places, beautiful and agreeable; and why an exact Regularity should make them otherwise, is impossible to know. The best of all the Gardens, as well as Fabricks, of ancient Times, were perfectly Regular: And had Mr. *Pope* been the Designer of these, I dare almost venture to assert, he would either have plann'd them out in a regular Form, or every good Judge would have condemn'd his Gothick Fancy.

• *The suffering Eye inverted Nature sees, &c.*] 'Tis a thousand Pities, one of so exquisite a Taste as Mr. *Pope* is own'd to be, should meet with any Thing disagreeable. Trees cut to Statues are held abominable. Statues standing too thick, detestable. A dry Fountain, insupportable; (This indeed ought to have been set a playing to welcome so great a Personage to Lord *Timon's Villa*) and an unshaded Summer-House, an unpardonable Object.

Mr. Pope's NOTE.

† *The two famous Statues of the Gladiator pugnans, & Gladiator moriens.*

In-water'd see the drooping See-horse mourn,
And Swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.

Behold ! my Lord advances o'er the Green,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen :
But soft — by regular approach — not yet —
First thro' the length of yon hot Terras sweat,
And when up ten steep Slopes you've dragg'd your
thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your Eyes.

REMARKS.

His

REMARKS.

And Swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.] These Printers are some of the most ignorant, and withal the most self-conceited Coxcombs breathing ; One may tell them their Faults Ten Thousand Times over, yet still they will go on in a Mill-Horse Tract, and commit the same Blunders afresh. For Swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn, read, Sparrows nest in Nilus' dusty Urn. If the House was a Town, a Broddignagian Palace, or a labour'd Quarry above Ground, (as we are told some lines before) then, nothing could be more fit than Nilus's Urn to clap up against one of the Walls for a Bird-Bottle.

Just at his Study door he'll bless your Eyes.] Here we find my Lord, first of all, advancing o'er the Green on purpose to expose his Person to view ; — And now we are told that our Eyes must not be blest with the Sight, till he appears at his Study-door. — Quere, Whereabouts, upon the Green, my Lord's Study-door stands ?

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

His Study? with what Authors is it stor'd?

• In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated Backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, those Du Suel has bound.
Lo! some are Vellum, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
• For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These Shelves admit not any Modern book.

And
Who never mention'd before

• In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;] If Mr. Pope has thoroughly examined my Lord in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, or any other Language, and found him defective, we may safely take his Word; for He has already given the World an ample Specimen, as well of his profound Skill in Languages, as of his extraordinary Candour and Humanity. But should the Case prove otherwise, and our Author takes my Lord's Ignorance, as most of the World do his Learning, merely from Hear-say, then he will go a great Way towards the forfeiting so amiable a Character. — It is not improbable that he may have seen the dated Backs of my Lord's Books, and have made no further Observations than that some of them were bound in Vellum, and others in Past-board. But that is no Argument why my Lord should have looked no more upon the Inides than He, who perhaps was not a full half Hour in the Place.
• For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,] If my Lord admits neither Locke nor Milton, how can we reasonably expect he should allow Mr. Pope's Works a Place in his Library; and this cannot but be a sensible Mortification to an Author, whose Ambition prompts him to cry out with *Aeneas*.

Quæ Regio in Terris nostri non plena Laboris?

And now the Chappel's silver Bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Bride of Prayer:
Light, Quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,
Make the Soul dance upon a Jig to Heaven:
On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of *Fennia*, or *Laguna*,
On gilded Clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your Eye
To Rest, the Cushion, and soft *Dean* invite,
Who never mentions Hell to Ears polite.

In Books, our Authors, curious is my Lord;] If Mr. Pope has thoroughly examined my Lord in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, or any other Language, and found him defective, we may easily take his Word; for He has already given the World an ample Specimen, as well of his profound Skill in Languages, as of his extraordinary Candour and Humanity. But should the Case prove otherwise, and our Author take my Lord's Part, I take; they are always Minuet or Rigadoon Aires, and the Jig is only inserted here, to suite the Measure of the Verse.

*And bring all Paradise before your Eye.] If by this, our Author means either *Moses's* or *Adam's* Paradise, nothing can be more foreign to his purpose, for in the Account of either of them, we read not one Word of Silver Bells, Musical Quirks, Dancing Souls, Painted Cielings, Sprawling Saints, nor gilded Clouds, and these make up the whole of Mr. Pope's Paradise, which must certainly be a new one, different from both the other.*

Ignotusque locus Graui, simul atque Latinis.

Five Regio in Terris, ubi non ulla Latuit?

But hark ! the chiming Clocks to Dinner call;
 A hundred Footsteps scrape the marble Hall :
 The rich Buffet well-colour'd *Serpents* grace,
 And gaping *Tritons* spew to wash your Face.
 Is this a Dinner ? this a Genial Room ?
 No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb :
 A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in State,
 You drink by Measure, and to Minutes eat.
 So quick retires each flying Course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there :
 Between

REMARKS.

A Hundred Footsteps scrape the Marble Hall :] Our Author, it seems, was admitted, among a vast Croud, to a magnificent Entertainment. How well he requited his Benefactor, we shall see afterwards.

Is this a Dinner ?] No, I'll be sworn, nor nothing like One, as it has been hitherto describ'd. We have heard of nothing yet but *Serpents* gracing the Buffet, and *Tritons* spewing out Water, and then he calls out — Is this a Dinner. — However I am afraid he cries out before he has Occasion.

So quick retires each flying Course, &c.] Now we come to a Dinner, in good Earnest, but our Author very justly complains of their taking all his Victuals from before him, out of an Excess of Complaisance, which indeed was intolerable to one so sharp set. Howbeit, if ever he should have the Honour to be admitted to my Lord's Table again, I would advise him to copy after his Brother *Dursey's* bright Example, and take a Hammer and a Ten-penny Nail in his Pocket, to fix the first good Plate full of Meat, he lays his Hands on, fast to the Table.

Between each Act the trembling Salvagers ring,
 From Soup to Sweetwine, and God bless the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in State,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, careis'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
 Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
 I curse such lavish Cost, and little Skill,
 And swear, no Day was ever past so ill.

In you, my Lord, Taste sanctifies Expence,
 For Splendor borrows all her Rays from Sense.

REMARKS.

You

REMARKS.

And complaisantly help'd to all I hate.] I wonder how my Lord's Servants came to know his Palate so exquisitely well, as to help him to nothing but what he hated. — And yet what's strange, he complain'd, but a few Lines before, that the Courses were taken too soon away. — If we hate every Dish upon a Table, the sooner they are remov'd the better. — But he seems resolv'd not to be satisfied, and therefore I am really of Opinion, his best Way would have been to have din'd at Home, and paid my Lord a Visit afterwards. — He would hardly have been chid for coming so late.

And swear, my Day was ever past so ill.] So my Lord swears too, I dare affirm, if all the rest of his Guests were of his Stamp. But if the rest were of a different Disposition, 'tis not unlikely but Mr. Pope might pass unobserv'd in the Croud, and that may be one grand Cause of his Uneasiness.

*You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous Buildings once were things of use.*

*Just as they are, yet shall your noble Rules
Fill half the Land with Imitating Fools,*

Who
REMARKS.

*You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous Buildings once were things of use.* The Roman Buildings were undoubtedly the most expensive upon Earth, but, at the same time, they were the least useful, (whatever Mr. Pope may alledge to the contrary.)—Their most noted Structures were their *Circi*, for Horse, and Chariot Races. *Amphitheatres* for Combats with *Gladiators* and wild Beasts. *Theatres* for Scenical Diversions. *Naumachies* for Naval Exercises. *Baths*, *Temples*, *Triumphal Arches*, *Monumental Pillars*, *Pyramids*, &c. All these were built in the most sumptuous and stately Manner possible; and it is well known, that some of them were of little Use to the Republick, some of no Use, and others of vast Detriment, as their own Writers allow.

Just as they are, yet shall your noble Rules, &c. This, as it stands, is down-right Nonsense. *Yet shall your noble Rules, just as they are, fill half the Land, &c.* that is, your noble Rules, such as they are, good or bad, rough as they run, shall fill.—This, I dare say, is none of your Meaning. The Truth is, your Design was to have been understood in a Sense very different from what the Expressions will bear. Your Aim was to have said, *Yet shall your noble Rules, as just as they are, fill, &c.* This would have been Sense, and something to your Purpose, but then it would have stretch'd your Verse out a Syllable too long, and you rather chose to transgress against Sense, than Sound. However, for once, I will help you to an Expression which shall suite you exactly. *Just tho' they be, yet shall*—

Yet shall your noble Rules—Fill half the Land with Imitating Fools, Better by half were it for the Land that my Lord's Rules, how just soever, had never been published, than they should add such vast Numbers to the Stock of Fools we have already. However, I hope, my Lord had no such Design in the Publication, but what he did was out of a generous Principle of serving his Country, and not with any sinister View of raising himself a Name by making half the Nation appear ridiculous.

Who random Drawings from your Sheets shall
take, And pompous Buildings once were things.

And of one Beauty many Blunders make ;

Load some vain Church with old Theatrical Statues

Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate ;

Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all

On some patch'd Dog-hole ek'd with Ends of

Wall,

Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,

And lac'd with bits of Rustic 'tis a Front

Shall call the Winds thro' long Arcades to go

Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door,

Conscious they act a true Palladian part,

And if they starve, they starve by Rules of Art.

REMARKS.

Proud to catch Cold at a Venetian door : J. If either a Roman, or a Gothic Door would exempt the Master of the House from catching Cold, no Venetian Door should ever find a Place round my Mansion — If otherwise, I cannot imagine what Business the Venetian Door has here, since the Wind's roaring thro' long Arcades would cause a Man to catch Cold at a Door of any other Form, every whit as soon.

• Yet thou proceed, be fallen Arts thy care,
 Erect new Wonders, and the Old repair,
Jones and *Palladio* to themselves restore,
 And be, what'er *Vitruvius* was before
 Till Kings call forth th' Idea's of thy Mind,
 Proud to accomplish what such Hands design'd,
 Bid Harbours open, publick Ways extend,
 • And Temples, worthier of the God, ascend ;

Bid

REMARKS.

• *Yet thou proceed, be fallen Arts thy care,*] This Verse is
 lame, and wants a touch. However I shall overlook it, as on-
 ly a Printer's Error. *Be the fallen Arts thy care,* is the true reading.


• *And Temples worthier of the God,*] To talk of a Temple
 worthy of a God, is no more any more of sense. Whether
 such an Idea will go down in Poetry, I know not ; I am sure it
 will never do, either in Poetry or in Prose. Why should one
 Temple be worthier of an Omnipotent Being than another ? Why
 should a large Temple suite him better than a small One ? A Marble
 Fabrick, than one of Free Stone, or that, than one of Brick or
 Timber. Solomon has assured us, long enough ago, that *God*
dwells not in Houses made with Hands. And tho' the *Pagans*
 were taught that their Local Dieties might be confin'd within cer-
 tain Limits, yet the wiser Sort among them, condemn'd the No-
 tion ; and *Christianity* has not only set us free from that, but a
 Thousand other Fopperies ; so that whoever advances such Doc-
 trine, at this Time of the Day, is making a fresh Attempt to put
 a Hook in our Noses, and a Bridle in our Lips, to draw us back
 to *Paganism*, or which is much the same, to *Popery*.

Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain;
 The Molc projected break the roaring Main;
 Back to his bounds their subject Sea command,
 And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land;
 These Honours, Peace to happy *Britain* brings,
 These are Imperial Works, and worthy *Kings*.
 Bid Harbours open, Publick Ways extend,
 And Temples, worthier of the God, ascend;

Bid

REMARKS.

[This Verse is
 overlook it as on-
 is the two reading
 of a Temple
 Whether
 I am sure it
 Why should one
 in another? Why
 should a large Temple
 Fabric, than one of
 Timber. Solomon has
 And the Pattern
 were taught that
 rain limits, not the
 tion; and Constan-
 Though our Temples
 tinal at this time
 a look in our eyes
 which is much the
 APPENDIX



Num 1.

APPENDIX.

THUS have I given my Readers a few plain Remarks upon Mr. Pope's last doughty Performance: I shall now add Mr. Congreve's Epistle to the Lord Viscount Cobham, (on a Subject not much different) whereby the World will easily perceive that this Work falls as far short of Mr. Congreve's, as his Ode on Music did of Mr. Dryden's; His Pastorals of Mr. Philips's; His Wind for Forest of Sir John Denham Cooper's Hill; His first Book of Homer, of that done by Mr. Tickell, or his Dunciad of the Dispensary.

But, what is most surprizing, Mr. Pope has not once named, nor so much as hinted at, his Patron's polite Taste so well known to all Mankind.

Numb. I.

OF
RETIREMENT

AND

TASTE.

An EPISTLE to the Right Honourable the
Lord Viscount COBHAM

By Mr. CONGREVE.

SINCEREST Critic of my Prose, or Rhime,
Tell how thy pleasing Strow employs thy
Time.

Say, COBHAM, what amuses thy Retreat?
Or Stratagems of War, or Schemes of State?
Dost thou recall to Mind with Joy, or Grief,
Great MARLBRO's Actions? That immortal

Chief,

Whose flightest Trophy rais'd in each Campaign,
More than suffic'd to signalize a Reign?

Does

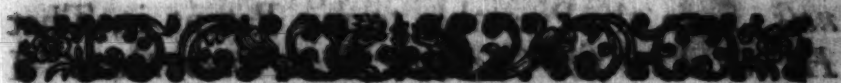
Does thy Remembrance rising, warm thy Heart,
 With Glory past, where Thou thy self hadst Part;
 Or dost thou grieve indignant, now to see,
 The fruitless End of all thy Victory?
 To see th' Andacious Foe, so late subdu'd,
 Dispute those Terms for which so long they fud,
 As if BRITANNIA now were sunk so low,
 To beg that PEACE she wanted to bestow?
 Be far, that Guilt be never known that Shame!
 That ENGLAND shou'd retract her *rightful Claim*,
 Or ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
 Stain with her Pen the Lustre of her Sword?
 Or dost thou give the Winds a-far to blow,
 Each vexing-Thought, and Heart-devouring Woe,
 And fix thy Mind alone on rural Scenes,
 To turn the level'd Lawns to liquid Plains,
 To raise the creeping Rills from humble Beds,
 And force the latent Springs to lift their Heads,

On wat'ry Columns, Capitals to rear,
 That mix their flowing Curls with upper Air;
 Or dost Thou, weary grown, these Works neglect,
 No Temples, Statues, Obelisks erect,
 But catch the morning Breeze from fragrant Meads
 Or thun the Noon-tide Ray in wholesome Shades?
 Or slowly walk along the mazy Wood,
 To meditate on all that's wise and good
 For Nature bountifal, in Thee has join'd,
 A Person pleasing, with a worthy Mind;
 Not given thee Form alone, but Means, and Art,
 To draw the Eye, or to allure the Heart.
 Poor, were the Praise in Fortune to excel,
 Yet want the Way to use that Fortune well.
 While thus adorn'd, while thus with Virtue
 crown'd, blind of aims I'd level out my To
 At Home, in Peace; Abroad, in Arms renown'd;
 Graceful in Form, and winning in Address,
 While well you think what aptly you express,
 With

With Health, with Honour, with a fair Estate,
 A Table free, and elegantly neat:
 What can be added more to mortal Bliss?
 What can he want, that stands possess'd of This?
 What can the fondest wishing Mother more,
 Of Heaven attentive for her Son implore?
 And yet a *Happiness* remains *unknown*,
 Or to *Philosophy* reveal'd *alone*;
 A *Precept*, which unpractis'd renders vain
 Thy flowing Hopes, and Pleasure turns to Pain.
 Shou'd Hope and Fear thy Heart alternate tear,
 Or Love, or Hate, or Rage, or anxious Care,
 Whatever Passions may thy Mind infest,
 (Where is that Mind which Passions ne'er molest?)
 Amidst the Pangs of such intestine Strife,
 Still *think the PRESENT DAY, the LAST of LIFE*;
 Defer not till *To-Morrow* to be *Wise*,
To-Morrow's SUN, to Thee may never rise.
 Or shou'd *To-Morrow* chance to cheer thy Sight,
 With her enliv'ning and unlook'd-for *Light*,
 How

How grateful will appear her *dawning Rays* :
 As Favours unexpected doubly please.
 Who thus can think, and who such Thoughts
 pursues,
 Content may keep his Life, or calmly lose :
 All Proofs of this Thou may'st thyself receive,
 When Leisure from Affairs will give thee Leave.
 Come see thy Friend retir'd, without Regret,
 Forgetting Care, or striving to forget ;
 In easy Contemplation soothing Time
 With Morals much, and now and then with
 Rhime ;
 Not so robust in Body, as in Mind,
 (And always undejected, tho' declin'd :
 Not wond'ring at the World's new wicked Ways,
 Compar'd with those of our Fore-fathers Days,
 For Virtue now is neither more nor less,
 And Vice is only varied in the Dress :
 Believe it, *Men* have always been the same,
 And *Ovid's Golden Age* is but a Dream ;

certain, I ought to be very well satisfied with
 my Share of Honours in this Kingdom of Dal-



would not willingly be like the Favourite,
 whom *Shakespeare* somewhere describes, who
 being made proud by his Prince, advanced his

Numb II.

Tribe against the Favourite: But I
 would rather, like a grateful Favourite, lay out

my Talents in asserting the Integrity of my
 Master's Title, to the Honour, which he

To the AUTHOR.

exercises to free a Way, and from whence he
 to ungrudgingly dispenses his Favour.

Demitte auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis Asellus

Cum gravius dorso fabis onus. — **H**OW

and to his Throne) I will attempt to convince
 Unbelievers, by some few Instances of his

S I R, Proves, with what a Strength of Arm, and

IF we will look a little into the Conduct and
 Custom of the World, it may not appear
 so extraordinary as some have thought it,
 that Mr. Pope, because he cannot be the *Foun-
 tain of Honour* to Mankind, should be fond of
 usurping the *Fountain of Infamy*, and please
 himself with dealing out a Fund of dirty Pro-
 motions from that *inexhaustible Spring*. And as
 nothing yields a more sincere Delight than to
 see the Workings of a *beneficent Mind*; I doubt
 not but every good Man is rejoiced to observe
 this *Great Prince* creating *Dunces* upon *Dunces*,
 of his own free Will and Motion, with so much
 Alacrity, and all in a due Subordination. It is

certain,

certain, I ought to be very well satisfied with my Share of *Honours* in this Kingdom of *Dulness*; since the Preamble to my Patent is, That *He could not find One more fit to wear them*. I would not willingly act like the Favourite, whom *Shakespeare* somewhere describes, who being made proud by his Prince, advanced his Pride against the Power that bred it; But I would rather, like a grateful Favourite, lay out my Talents in asserting the Legality of my Master's Title to those Dominions, in which he exercises so free a Sway, and from whence he so unsparingly dispenses his *Promotions*.

And since I have mention'd *Shakespeare*, (one of the Tributaries by Conquest made subservient to his Throne) I will attempt to convince Unbelievers, by some few Instances of his *Prowess*, with what a Strength of Arm, and Fineness of Head, he has *humbled* that proud Adversary to his Sceptre: Or, (to step out of all *Metaphor* at once) I will attempt to shew with what Fidelity he has perform'd the *dull* Office of an *Editor*, hardly without aiming to understand his Author himself, or having any Ambition that his Readers ever should: Or, where he does aim, to shew he has such a happy Fatality at Mistaking, that we are to wish he would not explain the Author into *Nonsense*. Give me Leave to subjoin some Examples just as they occur to my Observation.

I Much ado about Nothing. Act. 3. Scene 5. Sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's Soldiers

*in the reechy Painting, sometimes like the
 God Bel's Priests in the old Church-window,
 &c.*

Mr. Pope is pleas'd to tell us, that *reechie* signifies *valuable*. But the Poet had no Intention here of complimenting the Richness, or Value of the Painting: On the other Hand, he would speak despicably of it, as of a common *Wall-Painting*; as he does in another Play of the Story of the *Prodigal*, and the *German-hunting in Water-Work*. We may be pretty sure therefore our Author wrote, *the reechy Painting*; i. e. *Smoke-dry'd, expos'd to Weather, or reeking and steaming with Nastiness*. There are two other Passages, where, I remember, this Word again occurs in our Author.

Coriolanus. Act 2. Scene 4.

— The Kitchen-Maukin pins

Her richest Lockram 'bout her reechy Neck, &c.

And Hamlet. Act 3. Scene 11.

*And let him for a Pair of reechy Kisses,
 Or padding in your Neck, &c.*

Now if *reechy*, in either of these Passages, signifies *valuable*, I shall be content to allow Mr. Pope's Gloss upon the Passage first quoted.

II. Henry VIII. Act 1. Scene 1.

One sure that promises no Element

In such a Business.

Here we are told that *Element* is *Rudiment*, or *Beginning*: But here again the common Sense of the Passage is explain'd away. *Shakespeare* means no more than that, He is One who

promises no *Qualifications*, no *Talents* for such a Business; or, is not in a *Sphere* for it. In these Acceptations, I think, our Poet generally uses the Phrase. So,

Merry Wives of Windsor. Act 4. Scene 4.
And such Dawbry as this is beyond our Element.

Twelfth-Night, Act 3. Scene 2.
What you would is out of my Welkin, I might say Element, but the Word is over-worn.

And again. Act 3. Scene 9.
You are idle shallow Things, I am not of your Element.

In every one of which Quotations Mr. Pope's Gloss would be out of the Way: It were not amiss, perhaps, that this Commentator should remember, *A Man may sometimes be out of his Element.*

III. King Lear. Act 3. Scene 2.

Crack Nature's Mould, all || Germin's spill at once

That make ingrateful Man:

|| All Relations, or kindred Elements that compose Man, as Mr. Pope expounds it. But, with Submission, the Text must first be slightly amended, and we shall easily come at a better Explication. Read,

— all Germin's spill at once, &c.
i. e. Germina, Seeds of Matter.

So, again, in Mackbeth. Act 4. Scene 2.
— 'tbo' the Treasure

*Of Nature's Germains tumble all together,
Ev'n 'till Destruction sicken.*—

For so it must here likewise be corrected. And to put this Emendation beyond all Doubt, I will produce one more Passage, where our Author not only uses the same Thought again, but the Word that ascertains my Explication into the Bargain.

*Winter's Tale. Act 4. Scene 9. I will
Let Nature crush the Sides o' th' Earth together,
And marr the Seeds within.*

IV. King Lear, Act 1. Scene 6.

*wherefore should I
Stand in the Plague of Custom, and permit
The Nicety of Nations to deprive me, &c.*
I would very willingly know, as Mr. Pope declares against his having made any Innovations, from what Authority he has adopted this quaint Word, *Nicety*. It is in none of the Old Copies, that ever I have seen; and if he derives it either from Mr. Rowe's Edition, or Mr. Tate's Alteration of this Play, he must give me Leave to except against it. The Old Reading, (which, I presume, Mr. Pope did not know what to make of,) 'tis true, is corrupted, — *The Curiosity of Nations.* — but out of it, I will venture to restore the Poet's genuine Word; — *The Courtesy of Nations to deprive me, &c.*
Our accurate Editor might have observ'd, that his Author chuses the very Term upon the like Occasion, in another of his Plays. *As you like it.* Act 1. Scene 1.

The Courtesy of Nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born.

So, in another Place, he substitutes it for Birth-right. *Cymbeline*. Act 4. Scene 8.

To have the Courtesy your Cradle promis'd.

And, for the more vulgar Use of the Phrase, I do not doubt but Mr. Pope may have heard, that certain Lands and Honours are held by the *Courtesy of England*.

V. Measure for Measure. Act 3. Scene 4.

— say to thyself,

From their abominable and beastly Touches,
I drink, I eat away myself, and live.

This is a very excellent Instance of our Editor's *Sagacity*, and I wish heartily he would have obliged us with his physical Solution, how a Man may *eat away* himself and *live*. Till he does this, I would crave Leave to substitute by Conjecture;

— say to thyself,

By their abominable, and beastly Touches,

I drink, I eat, *away* myself, and live;

i. e. I feed myself and put Cloaths on my Back, by exercising the vile Trade of a Bawd.

VI. Twelfth-Night. Act 1. Scene 4.

Sir Andr. — O bad I but follow'd the Arts.

Sir Tob. Then badst thou had an excellent Head of Hair.

Sir Andr. Why, would that have mended my Hair?

Sir Tob. Past Question, for thou seest it will not cool my Nature.

Prodigious

Prodigious Sagacity! — The Dialogue is of a very light Strain here betwixt two foolish Knights; but I would be very glad to know, methinks, why Sir *Andrew's* Hair hanging *lant*, should, or should not, *cool* Sir *Toby's* Nature. Till I can be informed in this Point, I fancy we may make Sense of it thus, *Sniff* *own* *claw* *roo*
 Sir Andr. *Why, should that have mended my Hair?*

Sir Tob. *Past Question, for thou seest it will not curl by Nature.*

VII. *Love's Labour Lost. Act 3. Scene 3.*

-This Signior Junio, giant dwarf, Dan Cupid.

Some Readers, it is probable, would have been glad to know why the Poets call *Cupid* Signior *Junio*. Has it an Allusion to any old Tale, or to any Character in any old Play? No such Thing. As there is a Contrast of Terms in *Giant-Dwarf*, so I have a great Suspicion there should be in these other Words, if we could retrieve the true Reading. And why might it not have been?

This Senior-junior, giant-Dwarf, Dan Cupid. i. e. this Old Young Man. I am sure there is a Description afterwards of him in this very Play, which will be no bad Confirmation of this Conjecture.

That was the way to make his Godhead wax, For he hath been Five thousand Years a Boy.

VIII. *Ibid. Act 4. Scene 3.*

And why indeed Nais, but for smelling out the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? The jerks of

of *Invention* *imitary* is Nothing? So doth the
Hound his Master, &c. Sagacity with a Vengeance! What? Neither
sound Sense, true Grammar, right Inference,
Pointing, or Meaning? Then, what is *In-
vention imitary*? *Invention* and *Imitation* are
certainly two distinct Things. In short, if Mr.
Rope won't merrily call it *pidling*, I will venture
to give Light to this very difficult Passage.
The Speech is by a Pedant, who frequently
throws in a Word of *Latin* amongst his *English*;
and he is here flourishing upon the Merit of
Invention, beyond that of *Imitation*, or copy-
ing after another. Correct it thus, and all is
plain and intelligible:

And why indeed Naso, but for smelling out
the odoriferous Flowers of Fancy? the Jerks of
Invention? — *imitari*, is nothing; so doth the
Hound his Master, &c. *imitari*, i. e. to imitate, copy, or follow after.

IX. Titus Andronicus. Act 3. Scene 3.
Which of your Hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battle-Ax,
Writing Destruction on the Enemies Castle?

Sagacity again! unless Mr. Rope means an Im-
provement of the *Art Military*, by teaching us
that it was ever a Custom to hew down Castles
with a Battle-Ax. Or, how if he should have a
Mind to tell us, that they were Castles, former-
ly, upon their Heads for defensive Armour?
There is, indeed a Passage in *Troilus and Cressida*,
which such a Commentator might take in such
a Sense.

And

— And, Diomedes,
Stand fast and wear a Castle on thy Head, &c.
 But as I cannot come in to this Interpretation,
 I shall venture to read the Passage in *Andronicus*
 thus,

Writing Destruction on the Enemies Caske?

A broken *k* in the Manuscript might be mistaken for a *tl*, and thus a Castle was built at once: But I think it would be something easier to split an *Helmet* with a Battle-Ax, than cut down a *Castle*, and that is one Reason which induces me to propose this Reading.

I had design'd to throw in another Emendation upon the Word *Castle*; but I have already transgress'd the Limits of a Letter, and there are two, or three, Topicks still behind, that I have an Occasion to touch upon.

Mr. Pope's DUNCIAD having lately made its Appearance in so pompous a Shape, with *Notes variorum*, (I am sorry the Editor could not spare us this short Scrap in a single Language;) I am very well content to pass over the Slander of his Wit; but ought not, as I apprehend, to rest Silent under *that* of his Malice, in which he would fix a pretended Charge of Ingratitude upon Me, a Vice, I hope, of all others the least ingrafted in my Nature. This Charge is, "That during the Space of two
 " Years, while Mr. Pope was preparing his
 " Edition of *Shakespeare*, I, who had then
 " some Correspondence with him, and was soliciting Favours by Letters, did wholly conceal

“ conceal my Design (upon that Author) till after
“ his Publication.

To one Part of this Accusation I have re-
ply'd in a former Letter in this Paper. To
say I conceal'd my Design, is a slight Mis-
take: for I had no such certain Design, till I
saw how *incorrect* an Edition Mr. Pope had gi-
ven the Publick. To the other Part, I think,
I dare securely charge my Memory with all
the Favours that ever I ventur'd to ask of Mr.
Pope: and I challenge him to produce my Let-
ters against me, if he thinks there is any Room
for it. The first Favour that I ask'd, I was,
when I introduc'd a Play upon the Stage, that
he would assist me in a few Tickets towards my
Benefit. In about a Month after this Request,
I received my Packet back, with this civil
Excuse, That he had been all the while from
home, and had not my Parcel till it was too
late to do any thing with it. This, I confess,
indeed me, when I put out my Proposals for
Aischylus, to solicit Mr. Pope for this Second
Favour, that he would please to recommend
that my Design, if it did not interfere with his
own Affair of the *Odysey*. To this Mr. Pope
reply'd by Letter, “ That he was glad I had
“ undertaken this Work, and should be as glad
“ to promote my Interest, notwithstanding his
“ own Subscription to the *Odysey*: That his
“ own Awkwardness, and indeed Inability, of
“ soliciting in any Kind, made him quite use-
“ less

(41)
 "less to his own Interest; but that he might
 "not be intirely so to mine, he would ask those
 "of his Friends for me, with whom he was
 "familiar enough to ask any thing." — But
 from that Day to the Publication of my *Shake-
 speare Restored*, (an Interval of above Two
 Years) I never received one Line more from
 Mr. Pope, no Intimation of one Subscriber by
 his Interest, not even an Order that I should
 put his own Name down in my List. Upon
 this naked Fact, I submit the Censure both of
 my *Obligations* and *Ingratitude*.

The Publick should not have been troubled
 with this State of the Case, had not these Insu-
 nations been industriously propagated at this
 Crisis, both to hurt my Interest in my *Subscrip-
 tion* for my *Remarks on SHAKESPEARE*, which
 will now shortly appear in the World; and in
 that *Play*, which is designed for my *Benefit* on
Monday next in the Theatre at *Drury Lane*.
 It is my Misfortune, I can boast but of a very
 scanty Interest, and much less Merit; and, con-
 sequently, Both are the more easily to be shock-
 ed. I had no Method, but This, of appealing
 to those Many, whom I have not the Honour
 of approaching, for their *Favour*: and of hum-
 bly hoping it the rather, because all my poor
 Attempts in Writing were calculated to entertain,
 and none at the *Expence* of any Man's Character.

Wyan's-Court in Great-Russ, Your very humble Servant,
 sel-Street, April 16, 1729.

• Double Falshood.

N^o III. Of Mr. POPE'S TASTE of RELIGION.

Being a Translation of the First Psalm.

For the Use of a Young LADY.

THE Maid is blest that will not hear
of Masquerading Tricks,

Nor lends to wanton Songs an Ear,

Nor sighs for Coach and Six,

To please her shall her Husband strive

With all his Main and Might,

And in her Love shall Exercise

Himself both Day and Night,

She shall bring forth most Pleasant Fruit,

He flourish still, and Stand,

Even so all Things shall prosper well,

That this Maid takes in Hand,

No wicked Whores shall have such Luck,

Who follow their own Wills,

But purg'd shall be to Skin and Bone,

With Mercury and Pills,

For why, The Pure and Cleanly Maids

Shall All, good Husbands gain

But Filthy and Uncleanly Jades

Shall Rot in Drury-Lane.

• Double Falshood •



IV.
Numb IV.

Of Mr. Pope's *TASTE* of Original Sin.
To the Ingenious Mr. MOORE, Author of the
Celebrated WORM-POWDER.

I.

HOW much, egregious *MOORE*, are We
Deceiv'd by Shows, and Forms?

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,

All Human Race are *WORMS*.

II.

Man, is a very *WORM* by Birth,

Proud *Reptile*, vile and vain,

A while he crawls upon the Earth,

Then shrinks to Earth again.

III.

That *Woman*, is a *WORM*, we find,

E'er since our Granum's Evil;

She first convers'd with her own kind,

That Ancient *WORM*, the *Devil*.

IV.
But whether *Mum* or *He*, God knows,

Fœcundified her Belly,
With that pure Stuff from whence we rose,
The Genial *Herapiscella*.

V.
The *Learn'd* themselves we *BOOK-WORMS*
name,

The *Block-Head* is a *SLOW-WORM*!

The *Nymph*, whose Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a *GLOW-WORM*.

VI.
The *Fops* are painted Butter-Flies,

That flutter for a Day ;

First from a *WORM* they took their Rise,

Then in a *WORM* decay.

VII.
The *Flatterer* an Ear-Wig grows,

Some *WORMS* suit all Conditions ;

Misers are *MUCK-WORMS*, *SILK-WORMS*
Beans,

And *DEATH-WATCHES*, *Physicians*.

That

(45)
VIII.

That *Statesmen* have a *WORM* is seen,

By all their winding Play :

Their Conscience is a *WORM* within,

That gnaws them Night and Day.

IX.

Ah! *MOORE*! Thy Skill were well Employ'd,

And greater Gain would rise,

If thou couldst make the Courtier void

The *WORM* that never dies

O Learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,

Who sett'st our Entrails free,

Vain is thy Art, thy Powder Vain,

Since *WORMS* shall Eat ev'n Thee.

XI.

Thou only canst our Fate Adjourn;

Some few short Years, no more:

Ev'n *BUTTON*'s Wits to *WORMS* shall turn,

Who *Maggots* were before.

N^o V. Mr. POPE's Satire on Mrs. P—

The LOOKING-GLASS.

WITH Scornful Mein, and various toss of Air
Fantastic, vain and insolently Fair.

Grandeur intoxicates her giddy Brain,

She looks Ambition, and she moves Disdain.

Far other Carriage, grac'd her Virgin Life,

But charming ~~G~~y's lost, in ~~P~~y's Wife.

Not greater Arrogance in Him we find,

And this Conjunction Twells at least her Mind:

O could the Sire, renown'd in *Glass*, produce

One faithful *Mirror* for his Daughter's Use,

Wherein she might her haughty Errours trace,

And by Reflexion learn to mend her Face.

The wonted Sweetness to her Form restore,

Be what she was, and charm Mankind once more.

FINIS.

